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Choice Poetry.

REVISED POEMS,

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

I NEVER WILL GROW OLD.

Oh no, I never will grow old,
Though years on years roll by,
And silver wire my dark locks bind,
And dim my sparkling eye.

And hollow out my cheek,
My figure wither,
And dull my ear, and crush my voice—
Yet there, time-power shall not!

They shall not shelter up my soul,
Nor dim the glance
My heart casts on this world of care,
And life to find above!

Now, with a spark of the Divine herein
Where soul, free nature reigns,
With life's rich longings throbbing in my heart,
And song through my veins:

"In bard to think the time must come
When I can write no more,
With step light as a melodist child's,
Deep-dell, and rocky shore:

No longer on my swell young mood,
Rested on the hills as now,
And most half way the winds that toss
The tame locks locked from my brow:

Yet still my power may go forth,
Where fearless liberty leads,
Her voice will utter, and her glorious odes,
On wild, invisible steeds!

Yet till you see a morning dawn,
Shed pure young eye long,
My melodies, yet not your music,
Adoring child of song!

No, no, this is the way throng the way,
And pride and weakness of mankind,
And hopes bright has ever been the cloud—
That lofty Power

Shall fling their starch chains aside,
And speak free, and controll!
They never, never shall my voice
That liety of the soul!

My father's spirit—it was may pure,
Ere his last sun shall set—
And listened he to the soul of song,
My mother feeds yet!

My senses found their nests with mine,
A temple of worship form, and
A heaven set glazed along our paths,
Our rich home-world!

While God then poses the light of joy
As sunshine on my face,
Oh, I'll let up such a store of love
For the dear days to come!

In the joy and grief of every one,
I'll want to share a part,
For sympathy is a sacred wisdom fund,
I owe throwing to my heart.

The sacred poems of the poet's song,
The blessings of the old,
Or gather round, with heard them up,
As a sweet hearth his gold!

Those lines may die, yet hopeful trust
Is with me, that my soul
I will great come on their gentle—
Fear to immortality!

Focus on, doubt on, my life is sad,
The world is false and cold,
I'll keep my heart glad, and warm—
I never will grow old!

Romance of Reality.

THE DESERTED SAILOR.

A TRUE STORY.

FROM CHAMBER'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

Among the hamlets on the Cockburn Island, there is a little spot—in a great atlas, scarcely so large as a poet's hand—which is merely a mere dot on the waters which sweep around it—called Sombrero, a naked, desolate, barren, rocky islet. Here the sea-fowl find a resting place, the sea-gull, the occasional playground of the turtle, and the smell of the great billows of the Atlantic, which hold their ceaseless motion against it, as if it would take a very little to dislocate them from their foundations. Here, however, the little island, with its territory embarrassed by a periphery of a mile and a half, long enough to a gallant vessel sailing, taking a moderate salute, into the attack of the waves, which appear to be for ever dashing their white teeth against its rugged borders, to spongy, no verdant vegetation; nothing, in short, to invite the foot of man to approach it, save to be rarely anything beyond the incidental notice of the passing vessel. His Majesty's sloop of the Records, on the 15th December, 1807, was standing towards these unpromising rocks, on which the first set in our drama opens. It was Sunday afternoon, and as the day closed in, the island hill on its lee, bound, as it were, by the sea-line of the horizon, to dusky obscurity above the waves, and locked out upon the scene, if possible, with a more dreamier solitude than ever. The Record was now about only a half of miles, when, between five and six o'clock in the evening, Captain Lennox, her commander, and officer of the watch, just risen from dinner, with a face flushed with wine, and a quick impatience of gesture which portended evil to some one, ordered the ship to be roped glance at the dim mass of rock now so near, he hastily examined the intensity, and asked,

"What island is this?"

"Sombrero, sir," was the reply.

"Have we not some thieves on board?"

"Yes, sir, there are two," answered the master's somewhat startled.

"Send up my pistols," said the captain.

The pistols were accordingly brought up, and after undergoing a careful examination as to their condition for service, were unceremoniously laid on the captain.

"Now send the ship ponies here, with a strip of black bombazine, and the two thieves on board."

The master hurried down to execute this strange order, while the men looked at one another with a little mirth, each inquiring of the other what all this could mean. Soon afterwards the pinnace appeared with the boats and the piece of crape on board.

"Take your bowie and pistol in your belt," exclaimed the captain.

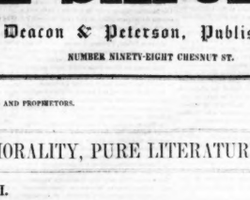
With a look of altogether the slowliest, and, under the fierce eye of the commander, not unpleasing to stubborn, the man proceeded to his task. The first thieves of Sombrero, were, however, spared from the caution; and although not exactly compliments to the captain, they were received with joy of smiles, they were plain enough for the purpose; and after completing the task with, the two finally received gentlemen to be spoken.

"Now send Robert Jeffery up here; leave the ship's head as it is, and let her cruise off and on, but off to the shore pocket," shouted the captain, who had already entered into a deep discussion with his former passion.

Robert Jeffery, a lad of eighteen, sent came on deck, little dreaming of the terrible sentence he was about to receive. He was dressed in a blue jacket and trousers, and had on his head a tarpaulin hat; he had neither shoes nor stockings. Having a rugged, dark complexion, he looked more like one of the Spanish Caribbees, that he most assuredly was not. He was the only child of his mother, a widow, who had long been left to struggle with poverty, and was sign of her husband's fate.

"Jeffery, the pot one that island? I can guess to land you on it."

The poor fellow looked astonished, but dared not offer any remonstrance; and was effectually prevented from resisting the cruel order, by being immediately hurried into the cutter of the ship, and seated in the boat's sheets, with the lieutenant and the boat's crew. He was afterwards on board the island for shelter. "Never mind his things," thundered the captain in one of the men who was undressing hastily to gather together a few necessary articles for the lad. He was cast out of the ship, without provisions, without shoes, without a covering beyond the clothes he wore; and in this desolate condition he was rapidly carried ashore,



Our Picture Gallery.

SAVANNAH IN SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-EIGHT.

For the above engraving of Savannah in 1778, were are indebted to Peterson's "Military Heroes of the Revolution." In that year Savannah was occupied by the British troops under General Prevost. The combined forces of France and America under d'Estaing and Lincoln invested the town, but the enemy seems approaching, the French commander was afraid to remain long enough on the coast, to reduce the place by a regular siege. An assault was attempted before his departure, which was unsuccessful. The siege was thereupon abandoned.

half studded at the suddenness and severity of his fate. Upon his back was even the strip of canvas which polished his cruise. The lad was naturally of a weak, nervous, suffering temperament, and had always been somewhat of a sickly-so heard. His feelings now overwhelmed him, and he confined crying bitterly, until the heat reached the cutter. As they drew nearer the island, the cocks screamed, and the hens cackled, and the way island were several which bore all the appearance of cultivation. The landing, the cultivation, and the boat's crew accompanied the lad ashore, and proceeded with him along the beach, to see whether or not it was entirely desert, or whether the reason which, in the desolation of a region of tropical vegetation like this, there would be, there really so. As they rambled up the shore rocks, and the cultivation, they found that it was exactly rot, and shed profusely. One of the crew seeing this, inaugurated himself off the new island, and gave them to the lad: another gave him a knife, and a third a part of his handkerchief, which he might use as a signal. As they proceeded to the house-like rocks, it was mentioned that the French fishermen were accustomed to visit Sombrero in their canoe; and on looking over Culbertt's "Weekly Journal" about the same period, we find a notice of an entering at the rocks, how bitterly were these fishermen disappointed. The house was found, but therefore therefore necessary that the crew should immediately return to the ships. Leaving Jeffery to his solitude, they pushed off from the shore, and farewell, they got into the boat, and were soon at the ship's side. The disconsolate lad, on the Record made all sail from the spot where the lad was left, and he was seen no more. This melancholy tale took place at a little past six in the evening. The captain shortly afterwards went down to his cabin to dinner, and the men forward resumed their jollity. Nothing more was now entertained that the fate of the lad did not result from hunger and thirst, he must fall a victim to famine. His fate, indeed, was not long in question. His despair, his cries, his breaths, or upsings, no verdant vegetation; nothing, in short, to invite the foot of man to approach it, save to be rarely anything beyond the incidental notice of the passing vessel. His Majesty's sloop of the Records, on the 15th December, 1807, was standing towards these unpromising rocks, on which the first set in our drama opens. It was Sunday afternoon, and as the day closed in, the island hill on its lee, bound, as it were, by the sea-line of the horizon, to dusky obscurity above the waves, and locked out upon the scene, if possible, with a more dreamier solitude than ever. The Record was now about only a half of miles, when, between five and six o'clock in the evening, Captain Lennox, her commander, and officer of the watch, just risen from dinner, with a face flushed with wine, and a quick impatience of gesture which portended evil to some one, ordered the ship to be roped glance at the dim mass of rock now so near, he hastily examined the intensity, and asked,

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THE PERIL OF WASHINGTON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In the continuation of Hume's History of England, by Smollett, are found the following paragraph and note, relating, as will be seen, to what was passed on the morning of the battle of Brandywine.

"At the same time, General Knyphausen, with another division, marched to Chadd's Ford, against the provincials who were placed on that side. The latter had neither the cloud, nor been asked, his "intentions." They had hitherto appeared only in fowls, not wards. His utmost constant presence at the Wilkeses'—numerous presents to the fair Arabella—tickets to the opera, theatres, concerts and so on—evidenced that he was, as ought to be, a candidate for the honor of being one day her husband.

One morning, however, Mr. John Jones called forth to call at the Willekes', filled with a most important resolve. It was no less than a determination to bring affairs to a crisis at once with Arabella. The Captain, like most other wives, was usually busy about some small matter or other, and might be expected to be found your and for the day; Mrs. Willekes, like a considerate mother as she was, commonly took an opportunity, whenever Mr. Jones made a morning call, to leave him for a while alone with Arabella. Mr. Jones, therefore calculated on having a clear stage, and was determined to "pop the question," or die in the attempt. He had "read up" the manner of doing this in all the books he could meet with, and rather flattered himself that he should come off with credit.

But his disappointment, therefore, when he had been at the Willekes' some time, to find that Mrs. Wilkes was the only person he was likely to see. Arabella was not in the house, and did not appear to be coming. "She was unwell," Mrs. Willekes said, "she was not quite well enough before at a large party, and was suffering from headache." Mrs. Willekes kept talking about extreme volubility about a great many things. The weather was cold, she remarked, but that was generally the case at this time of the year. Fashion, she heard, was going almost a good deal. The price of all provisions was dreadful, and by what she could learn, they were likely to be dearer still. Flower shows, she was sorry to say, had been very unwell with a rheumatism on his right foot, but was now happily doing much better. Then there was the cholera, which was exciting conversation, however, she never seemed to believe herself by all effect, and to make herself up for some particular communication. A sort of mysterious look, accompanied by a solemn shake of the head, and a sudden pause, at last, at once excited, in a voice of forced calmness, "Mr. Jones, I am glad you called this morning, for I wished particularly to see you alone."

"To me, ma'am!" said Jones, starting, for he felt sure that he was about to be asked for his intentions."

"Mr. Jones," resumed the lady, "of course I have not been insensible of the attentions you have paid Arabella, and I own that, at one time, I considered you as the person most likely to engage her affections. But this must be at an end. Mr. Jones, I confide in you in reposing the secret when I tell you that Arabella is engaged."

"Engaged!" echoed Jones, in a most dismal sense of denial.

"Yes," said Mrs. Willekes. "A gentleman of good family and fortune has proposed for her, and I am happy to say, has been accepted. It cannot be long before we have the marriage, and I hope you will not be backward in assisting to make it as agreeable as possible."

"This is pretty conduct!" exclaimed Jones, getting indignant.

"Under the circumstances," continued Mrs. Willekes, without taking the least notice of poor Jones's excitement, "you will see the necessity of discontinuing your visits here for awhile. I will myself call upon you in a few days, and explain everything relating all the letters and presents which you have been so kind as to send to Arabella at various periods."

"Let us part friends," said Mrs. Willekes, with a sweet smile. "And bless you, my dear Mr. Jones; you are a worthy man."

But our friend was in a bewildered manner.

"Good morning," continued Mrs. Willekes; "good morning, my dear Mr. Jones. We shall always be glad to see you when you call next."

The "worthy man" found himself on the other side of the street-door in less than a minute afterwards! How he got there he never knew, but he knew, at last, he was there. He declared that he walked out quietly, and was by no means turned out, as he has been heard scandalously to but his method of leaving the premises remains to be told.

He proceeded homewards at a tremendous pace, filled with anger and disappointment. But though his rate of progression was rapid, he was outstripped by Betsy, the functionaries of the Willekes', who was just quitting the door of his house as he arrived at it. A parcel was put into his hands, which Betsy had left for him.

He took it into his "study" in a contemplative mood, and opened it. There they were indeed! All the letters, memorials of his love, and presents upon the ungrateful Arabella. The letters had a melancholy interest appearance, as they had been but seen opened and read; which Jones recollected with bitterness. There was a pair of gloves, and, too, of having the initials of Arabella Willekes and of himself put upon everything, when purchased. How he got through the next hour's long he could not tell, but it is certain

handling it so much. But I'll try it and see a little this morning." And here the joker finished the top of his cocktail—a delightful one, viped off mirror and various shelf ratup and spoon with his handkerchief; likened it, the young ladies whom there are some extremely wrought figures, and others who resisted and struggled and cried out, and bleated and screamed, and coughed and sneezed everybody in the Hall, held sacred, long-eyed Chinaman and all, reminded Dodge of the Lambs' Club entertainments, in anticipation of some amusing reality! The tea-drawn Texas horse-trading story—the "Red Calendar" and "Starry Destroy," which the elder proprietor of the Hall had entertained the house with—"11 Pipers," or "Hardie Bells," which a blood thirsty descendant of two shilling novels married to "Miss Bessie Bell."

"Be calmy keep cool, gentlemans," cried Dodge, "if you shall all be seated, and again be seated, I'll be sad, tristful, mental and blessed, but nothing come strange at dis-same call—Dodge is not only a good singer and actor, but a good contriver—that—did'nt Sheet they like sounds of which were heard gently coming from the kitchen instruments, the cord were bewitcher. Dodge raised his big eyes full of melody and fun towards the open skylight (very much hand) a loud shrieky and cry—"child murdered!" and "woe heard upon deck, every body rushed up the steps, but no child was there in peril! And about that case, Dodge and his case disappeared entirely and mysteriously!

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1848.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will assert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and respectable person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other 3 weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it contains far more matter. Let it be remembered, also, that the postage is just the same as a first class paper, as in the nearest and poorest of the small regions.

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed from, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them send in their names when they can do so conveniently.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

The news from France by the Caledonia is of a truly gratifying character. The elections had passed off generally, nearly two-thirds of the electors exercising their privilege—which is, we believe about the proportion of our own citizens that turn out at a Presidential election. The result of the election in Paris, so far as it has been ascertained, proves conclusively what men and principles still have the confidence and support of the great mass of the people. Lamartine—the poet, philosopher, who first called the Washington of France—has been elected by nearly a unanimous vote; while Louis Blanc, Albert, and other Communist candidates received only about one vote in twenty. Last week, as our readers will remember, we inserted the last names of Lamartine, Marrast, Arago and Dupont de l'Eure, as being the boldest and most reliable of the Republican leaders—it seems from the results of the Paris election that we had arrived at the same conclusion as the people of Paris. For the first time on the list of the elected are Lamartine, Dupont de l'Eure, Garnier Pages, Arago and Marrast. It is a cause of congratulation and a presage of a happy termination of the Revolution, that the people should have passed by demagogues, bullists and visionaries, and chosen the wisest and most moderate of the popular leaders as their representatives in the new Assembly. The first result of universal suffrage, cannot but strengthen immensely the hands of Lamartine and his friends, as it cause universal suffrage itself to be regarded as a failure, by those who have hitherto looked upon the people as a wild beast, and free suffrage but the ravaging of the chief governments of Europe by seizing others and ultimately itself, to pieces. But the people of France proved themselves worthy of liberty, by selecting as their representatives the most sober and learned of the Republicans, the effect upon the cause of universal suffrage in Great Britain would have been most deplorable. But as it is, we think the fair practical working of the measure in France, will do much to reconcile the middle classes of England to the more active of the Chartist creed.

Meetings similar have been held in various parts of England, in support of the movement begun in Calais. Rome, and other members of Parliament, in favor of extension of the suffrage, &c.—Considering four out of the famous six points of the Charter. The Chartist leaders have been holding tumultuous meetings throughout the kingdom—one of which were very numerously attended. Favorably or horribly, it is evident, there will be an extension of the suffrage in England—and that we think, before many years.

In Ireland the agitation still continues, though the Repeal papers have been forced to moderate their language somewhat, by the "Gag Law" recently passed in Parliament. The corporation of Cash had adopted an address to the Queen in favor of Repeal. It was rejected that "Martial Law" was to be proclaimed in Dublin and other disaffected places.

On the Continent the Pressure seems have taken Schleswig and Flensburg from the Danes. If there is no intervention on the part of other powers, the Provinces, expected as they are by the popular feeling of the revolted provinces, will ultimately obtain the mastery. The excuse of Russia is still involved in doubt. There was a report in London at the mailing of the Caledonia, but the dispute had been amicably arranged. The Danes, according to American accounts, are decidedly in the wrong. The two provinces that have thrown off their allegiance to Denmark, and determined to become component part of the German confederation, are thoroughly German by descent and language, and naturally wish to be connected with their brethren, instead of strangers.

In Italy the Italians have thrown off the authority of the Bourbon King of Naples, and talk of a new king, and even of a republic; the Parliamentary, it is reported, have been transferred even the Austrians to another though by no means decisive battle, and the plan of a general Congress of the Italian States is being agitated at Rome.

Spain and Portugal are in no unsettled state, nor we should not be surprised to hear, at any time, of overturnings at both Kingdoms. The resolutions we come to is, that debates put by no means end in Europe. And we doubt that there will be much stability in that part of the world, until the Governments of the greater portion of it settle down upon the basis of popular sovereignty. If we read aright the signs of the times, the night of Monarchy and Aristocracy is passing away, and the day of Republicanism has dawned, and although that night has not been entirely without its moments and stars, the world will hail with rapture the glorious rising of Freedom's sun. Let there arise a morning hymn of prayer and praise from the liberated nations!

LEDRU ROLLIN.

A Paris correspondent of one of the London papers, describes Ledru Rollin as a "magnificent swaggering-looking, pompous sort of a man, with a countenance at once ludicrous and treacherous." He now ties on the great "Fraternization" day.—M. Rollin arrived, he says, at the place of meeting before the rest of the National Government (save Lamartine), but "not a client was round to him." The writer says he knows that M. Rollin was not very popular with the masses. On the other hand, another of the Paris correspondents remarks Ledru Rollin a paradox. We have no wish to partake Ledru Rollin, or any other man, a client backer that he really is; but it seems to us fully to assert that most of the late action to the Provisional Government, however they may from the necessity of the case produce to be united, and that of one of those parties the longest devoted and ardent hostile—the head is Lamartine, while Ledru Rollin is either the head or a prominent member of the other.

The above was written before the arrival of the Caledonia—the news brought by her of the result of the elections in Paris, shows that Ledru Rollin does not represent the masses—that only twenty and ninety-five votes in every hundred. Ledru Rollin only thirty-five. Lamartine, on the other hand, even doubtful whether the latter is elected at all. So much for American sympathy with Ledru Rollin.

AN AMERICAN KING.

While Europe is toppling down kings, America is setting one up. The Erosion indians have elected a king, who either hears or has taken the outer corner of the last impression of the regular race of Tecumse, three hundred years ago. Very probably he is in a lineal descendant of the old regal family.

The poet says, "Unhappy line the head that wears a crown," but if the Indians of Yucatan have any of the keeping-back propensities of our Indians, they may consider himself extremely unhappy to keep so long or be in able to wear his crown.

THE LAST TRICK.

Chickering's pianos, manufactured by Jonas Chickering, have become known to the whole country very favorably; and a piano with a plate of wonder upon it, containing the name of Chickering, Boston," will sell considerably better than if it had some other name on the plate, although the instruments are one the same. Many pianos of other factories are now manufactured with the name of Chickering upon them, though it may seem a little singular that the Legislature should pass a law to "protect" the name of Chickering, as if it belonged to Jonas Chickering, and to no other person. But also the last bid missed! Joseph Hy Chickering forgot that what the Legislature could do, could also undo—and so has passed a law to secure Chickering," way by no means unconscious of this fact. He had a statement of the whole matter before the representatives of the people, and petitioned that Joseph Hy Chickering should be stripped of his borrowed plumage, and made to put once more as plain Joseph Tuesel Sly. The Legislature, however, laughed, and said that it was legislate," could not, it's work, and "grants" change in a name!" so each individual to Mr. Joseph Hy Chickering's legal existence. Again, Joseph Hy, that was only one Chickering, and one carrending!" true, informational Mr. Joseph Tuesel Sly.

WORKS OF ART.

It seems that Messrs. Boynton and Hale of the house have met a very high opinion of some of the works of art which they sell—the Captain, in fact, in a recent speech, described the statue of Washington, by Powers, as Madden, as it was original intention, and a gift transferred, but that he should tell on her tone!" which Mr. Hale spoke of the "pedestal" as unworthy of so noble a subject. "I corrected stature" he even behold, remarking that the pedestal was the best part of it.

We have never seen the statues above alluded to, but we have seen drawings of them which are strongly outlined to unite with Messrs. Boynton and Hale in their condemnation. Pedestal and sculpture, if we mistake not, are alike and the best judges of what kinds of pictures and statues are appropriate for the Capitol of this great free public. The most of them have their hands so tied that they can do nothing, and if they are appointed and if does not always follow that what was proper for Greece and Rome, is not equally proper for us. The Capitol is younger than Lamartine and our statuary must follow as closely as possible in the line of the times. But the statuary exhibited in Faneuil hall is no better than the sculptor's. They are not that the Hall was originally built as a monument to the memory of American genius and independence. The common mind sees that there is no connection between either of a wife and Washington, or in one rigged out with Roman sandals and a toga. Such a thing would have been thought crazy to have publicly appeared in. And for our part, we think a noble and looks just as appropriate on a man's back as on a Roman legs. And even if he did not put on a Roman dress, we should prefer to see him in the costume of his time, than in the Roman costume. Let us not be mere copyists, but develope the genius of our own country, and not be slaves to styles or dress, or building, or manners. Greece and Rome were great in their day; but we do not be satisfied that they were any greater than America is now. But be it as or not, we have our own path marked out before us, and we must follow it, though, labels and fashions, as they had theirs.

THE PORTLAND MOB.

Mr. George Davis, whose house was broken in to and nearly destroyed by the recent mob at Portland, has been fully exonerated from all blame in the late disturbance.

Exceedingly satisfactory that must be to Mr. Davis—to have his character as a peaceful citizen and his property nearly destroyed by the mob, to be assured that it was all a mistake, quite a mistake, and that they mistook him for some one else! If we did not live in Philadelphia, we would say that we should like to see the list of the gentlemen who could be identified, (and that would be not a few,) should be called upon to exculpate Mr. Davis from the charge of being a democrat and person friendly for their outrageous! Indeed, we have not the slightest idea, for we are in Philadelphia. Not that we have many democrats in Philadelphia—oh, no, our subject, can have a great many democrats and not be known as such. If anything supposing is going on, they are all right, and will be found voting all right early with their arrangements. Their for they is to notify the Democratic party that a meeting, or whatever it is, cannot go on. If the less not press successful, they—but this always come on the part of the Democrats. Then the mob are satisfied, the citizens at large are satisfied, that the meeting was not satisfied—except the few disconcerted and mercenary democrats who have been "sold."

Mr. Davis, we believe, is a member of the Bar. All, the adherency of the Philadelphia police is only equalled by the proverbial acuteness of the "Philadelphia lawyer!" Indeed they are almost too much for one city.

KILLED HIS MAN.

Among the other important questions that have been settled by the Court Martial now sitting in Mexico, is that of General Pillow and the Mexican officer. The testimony seems to be clear! It appears that the gallant General did what a cowardly ruffian of any land would like to do in a duel—Mexican." The testimony proves beyond all reasonable doubt, that upon a certain occasion "some three or four officers (Mexicans) came in a direction towards the bridge where Gen. Pillow was advancing." The officers were "in disorder," with a degree of precaution of mind that does him no credit. Gen. Pillow "had his sword in hand at one of the officers, who fell to the ground that he knew instead of turning to fly, he drew his sword—and that Gen. Pillow gave directions to his soldier that was standing near him to take the officer's sword and pistols."

The Court of Inquiry having thus conclusively proved that General Pillow would like to "kill a man," we would respectfully suggest an examination by it into that other equally important fact—whether he would like to be shot! The result would be the most patiently curious. "Who struck Billy Patterson?"

THE LOTTERY SYSTEM.

Green, the Reformed Gambler, who is now on a tour of lecturing, is organizing his forces to operate upon the Lottery System. He has had tickets printed, and is selling them at 25 cents each, for people to fire lectures upon the subject; has obtained a wheel which has been used in one of the Lotteries for many years, and intends to have the talents to show up the trickery of the whole concern. His determination is to visit the chief cities of Lotteries in every State of the Union, prohibiting and lotteries and to the extent of his ability. The standard done by lotteries is immense, and to such Mr. Green all success in his new movement! He has given up all hope of ever being rich by play and gambling. We advise the proprietors of lotteries to look out for squalls, and trim their sails accordingly. The lottery system is one that is doomed to be overwhelmed, and that by a storm of indignation that will astonish the world. Come on Captain Scott, "There's no use in wasting your powder, Captain Scott; if that's you I'll come down to you."

FATHER MATHEW.

The Dublin Freeman's Journal of the 22nd ult., understands that Father Mathew will visit this country this month. It however brings the account down to the 22nd of April, and as he had left Cork on Captain Sall for the 4th, a week for the letter to reach Dublin. And as Father Mathew intended this year, I think of having a visit to Europe, and as he would naturally go to the most important place, Dublin, it will, we suppose, be called Father Mathew's visit. In the way, that there were to be a great meeting in Dublin, at which where we might dine together occasionally. Perhaps it would be well for all of you, and myself, to keep very forward, without taking too much attention from the Temperance.

Another letter, purporting to be from a young gentleman who cannot abide figures and the trouble of taking care of money, in his "dear Mary and vowed," winds up with the following:

"N. B.—As you have such an aversion to figures, dear Mary dear, spare a spec'dation being deceived, both as to the number and the amount you are to allow me weekly."

To which Mary very well out relent. If he would "cigar money" let him go and work for it. He is not to be supported in idleness and vice. "Long-ings" will be never enough for him—Doubtless, however, "long nose" would be his policy—he sends his dear Mary into a love of economical science" he ever beheld, reminding him of the old proverb, "Penny wise, &c."

AN IRISH ADDRESS.

An address to the grands of Ireland in the United States, has been issued at Dublin. It is signed by Thomas Field Meagher, and appears to be an individual appeal. Mr. Meagher says that the end of July is too late for an American court, and that the Irish should not leave their homes in mid-summer. Besides, they would be exposed to fever and other diseases. Mr. Meagher says that the end of August is the best time.

The Government, by which we are cursed and destroyed, are using every art and artifice to drive the Irish people to despair. They have got all the "vantage ground by rashness, neither have the Irish people. But the struggle is not over yet. Every event at present goes to prove that they will not yield peacefully to the demands of Ireland. The Legislative and Self-Taxation League, has been established, and is now in full operation. Its purpose is to expose to you there plainly, because I desire you to be equal to the occasion; therefore, I desire you to be Conservative—Conservative—Conservative. Conservative, therefore, is the watchword I propose to you. Conservative, therefore, is the watchword I propose to you. Conservative, therefore, is the watchword I propose to you. Remember, for every issue you lose Ireland may not recover in Ireland what she has lost. Remember, for every issue you lose Ireland may not recover in Ireland what she has lost. Remember our battles—we have not enough still for that. Remember, the watchword is not to be lost. Remember, your every act is superfluous to you—I am not to be lost.

The Council of Three Hundred, which will meet in Dublin before many weeks elapse, will constitute a power with which you can properly correspond. It is not to be lost. It is not to be lost. It is not to be lost

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1865.

THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN.
A STORY
BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Is handily contemporary to add that those who have it in contemplation to subscribe to the Post during the coming season, will find it much to their advantage to send on their names by the first of next month, in time for the opening of Mrs. Stephens's story. We shall print a large number of extra copies, but, judging of the future by the past, it will be impossible to supply the great demand for back numbers. The best plan for those intending to subscribe, is to send on their names as soon as possible—as they not only thus render a favor upon us, by letting us know to what extent to increase our edition, but have the satisfaction of receiving their papers fresh in all their departments.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 9th, Mr. Hannegan moved to take up the bill relating to Territories, which passed.

Mr. Lewis offered an amendment to the amendment offered by Mr. Clark, as an additional section, that all unexpended sum of con-servation, and unpaid the salaries of officers of the Territorial Governments, where it was proved that no expenditures were necessary, should be covered into the Treasury.

Mr. Clark's amendment was then adopted.

Mr. Hannegan moved to lay the motion upon the table, but the motion to lay on was carried, and after various amendments had been offered to the bill, it was finally referred to the Committee on Territories and Post-roads.

On motion of Mr. Vinton the House went into Committee of the Whole, Mr. Venable, of North Carolina, in the chair, and took up the Revolutionary pension bill.

Mr. Rockwell, of Connecticut, spoke warmly in defense and justice of his former speech, which had been "misrepresented, garbled, and misquoted in the basest manner." He brought up fresh charges of errors, and produced vouchers in proof of his assertions.

This subject was further discussed by Messrs. Wentworth, Farnsworth, Julian, after which several amendments were offered to the bill, but without action. The Committee rose and the House adjourned.

On the 11th, on motion of Mr. Goggin, the rule of the day before, referring the bill relative to the compensation of Postmasters, was reconsidered, and the bill, as it previously passed the House, was sent to the Senate.

On the 12th, Mr. Rockwell, of Connecticut, moved that the House proceed to the consideration of the regular order of business, which was agreed to. Whereupon the House resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole, Mr. Noreos, of Nebraska, in the chair, and took up the bill to amend the several acts relative to the Territory of Nebraska, took up the slave indemnity case, and the bill was reported to the House. The question was characterized by much animation and spirit, and participated in by Mr. Rice, of South Carolina, Mr. Bell, of the same State, and Mr. Chapman, of Maryland, with others.

The House then adjourned, and afterwards kept up by Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, and others, in a heated and excited manner, until the Committee rose and reported progress, and the House adjourned to Monday.

On the 15th, the bill refunding moneys advanced to volunteers was passed.

On the 16th the new charter of the City of Washington was considered and passed.

Mr. Henley moved to reconsider the bill, and spoke against it as odious, as it contained the property qualification.

Mr. Wilson denied the statement, and made a spirited reply.

After further discussion the motion was laid upon the table.

Mr. Trumbull submitted a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury for the amount of broadcloth and cassimere, etc., on hand at the close of the last quarterly periods, to show whether they had been increased by the operation of the present law.

An interesting debate ensued, which was participated in by Messrs. Chandler, Howard, Sherman, and Sagley.

Mr. Bailey offered as an amendment that the Secretary include in his reply the exports of breadstuffs during the last twenty years.

Mr. Trumbull accepted the resolution, as amended, was passed. Adjourned.

Miscellaneous

POPE PIUS IX.

A letter in the Boston Advertiser, dated Rome, March 26th, 1865, describes the person and manners of the present Pope:

Two days ago, I had the honor of a private presentation to his Holiness. The dignity and solemnity of his manners are very striking. The gentleman who obtained the audience for me, sent the next to introduce me, to an Abbot. His holiness was standing by his desk when I entered, and received me with a little white cap covering the crown of his head. My friend presented me in English, and the Pope came, and when I advanced to the door, and sat for them to, he makes my bow, the Abbot on his knees presenting to him the book of the Pope's foot, which when he is standing, is an easy performance for the faithful. Pius took no notice of this perfect prostration, when his holiness addressed me briefly in French, saying, "Come sta, Signore?" "Bene, santo padre," as one attending on his right hand to me with an inviting gesture, and I approached the chair, and kneeling, he made short work of doing at his foot. I confess to kissing the Pope's toe long before I parted from him.

He immediately began to speak of the United States—and he was delighted for the kind notice of him which the people of our country had taken, and the sympathy which had found such valuable books—that he was always happy to see any one from America, and that he hoped I would suppose of the people was well secured in the United States, &c., &c. He then spoke of Washington, of his character as a political history, and has a fully appreciation of the character of Washington. He mentioned Lafayette, and his visit to America of the past and present, and among the latter, spoke of Mr. Webster, Mr. Everett, and Mr. Calhoun.

It was, I gave, and a certain brisk carriage of his person, that Pius IX. appears to be capable of twenty years ago. The expression of his countenance is that of sadness and anxiety; and this, I am sure, especially during the time when my visit was made to the reception of his new Constitution, and he replied: "I am not sad, but anxious for the welfare of all—in a case so complex as the constitution of things is. I have need to exert the spiritual interest of the people, and what has not been done, I hope may promote that, as I have said in all matters temporal, I am sure that we took our leave. His holiness gave me his blessing, and requested me to inquire of the government than the etiquette of the Court, I gave it a cordial and smart republican shake, received from the holy father took no offence. Coming out into the drawing-rooms, I found a party of English and Americans waiting to be presented to the Pope, and we had been called in first, and remained some time, I should judge, half hushed a little more than a quarter of an hour. I was told by the Pope's chamberlain that he made his way into and out of these audiences as rapidly as he could, as the visitors and hearers all his income at the poor. I cannot help feeling great respect for him, and I believe to be a conscientious and devout man.

METALLIC FIRE-PROOF PAINT.

This is a discovery to which we have before alluded, but we have the pleasure of being able to give our readers a more particular description, derived from the inventor himself whose progress we have been to elicit very high commendation.

The article is found on the lands of Mr. W. Jones, in Delaware county, Pa., and is a most invaluable discovery. It is being extensively used in the West for architectural purposes, for covering open buildings, as cement for roofs and surfaces much exposed to fire, and for many purposes has already proved a smooth black surface and as susceptible of the finest polish. In a few months it becomes equal to the best slate, and has especially impervious to fire or water. So long as the roof remains good it will be impervious to fire, the cement remain unimpaired. When taken from the ground it is of very nearly the consistency of cream, indigo, and yields under the knife like clay, but when exposed for a short time to the action of the atmosphere it becomes perfectly solidified, and stone or hard shale. By analysation it is found to consist of nearly equal parts of carbon, alumina, and mica mixed with inner proportions of black lead, iron, and other minerals, lime and sulphur. Mr. R. informs us that it is prepared for market by being first ground to a fine soft powder, which in that state is of an exceedingly pulverulent nature. When used it is mixed in the usual manner with linseed oil, and applied with a brush in the usual manner. He would instance Cuba; this mineral should never be permitted to be exported in the crude state, but in the possession of any formidable European power. He had been asked whether he would be in favor of the annexation of Canada, and that these declarations do not affect the slightest degree the measures proposed by the bill reported from the Committee on Foreign Relations.

We had on panel that England contemplated annexing seemingly over Yucatan, and even if she did, it would not affect the Monroe doctrine, the views of Mr. Monroe. These declarations, too, in no degree affect the bill. The Monroe doctrine is emphatically discussed by the Republican party, he thought, from the days of Washington down to the present day. He did not consider it necessary to produce a single instance where they had been carried into effect, but the confidence was greater they had been carried into sometimes. There might be cases where he would resort sometimes to the declaration of war, but not himself

Selected Poetry.

THE SNOWDROP IN THE POOR MAN'S WINDOW.

FROM JERROLD'S MAGAZINE.

It was a darksome alley
  Where light but seldom shone,
Save when at noon a sun-ray touch'd
  The little sill of stone
Beneath the poor man's window,
  Whose weary life was bound,
To waste, at one dull ceaseless task,
  The passing seasons round.

Spring's dewy breath of perfume,
  And Summer's wealth of flowers,
Or the changing hue of Autumn's leaves,
  Ne'er blest his lonely hours.
He knew, too well, when Winter
  Came howling forth again—
He knew it by his fireless grate,
  The snow, and plashing rain!

Pierced by the frost-wind's biting,
  His cheerless task he plied;
Want chain'd him ever to the loom
  By the little window's side.
But when the days grew longer,
  He stole one happy hour,
To tend, within a broken vase,
  A pale and slender flower.

How tenderly he moved it
  To catch the passing ray,
And smiled to see its folded leaves
  Grow greener every day!
His faded eyes were lifted oft,
  To watch the Snowdrop bloom—
To him it seem'd a star of light
  Within that darksome room!

And as he gently moved it
  Near to the sun-touch'd pane—
Oh! who can tell what memories
  Were busy in his brain?
Perchance his home in childhood
  In a sylvan valley lay,
And he heard the voice of the running streams,
  And the green leaves' rustling play!

Perchance a long departed
  But cherished dream of yore
Rose up through the mist of want and toil,
  To bless his heart once more.
A voice of music whisper'd
  Sweet words into his ear;
And he lived again that moonlight hour,
  Gone by for many a year!

Or but the love of nature
  Within his bosom stirr'd—
The same sweet call that's answer'd by
  The blossom and the bird!
The free, unfetter'd worship,
  Paid by the yearning soul,
When it seems to feel its wings expand
  To reach a brighter goal!—

An aspiration, showing
  Earth binds us not her slave,
But we claim a brighter being,
  A life beyond the grave!

For Parents.

CHILDHOOD AND ITS REMINISCENCES.

FROM FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

[illegible]

Wit and Humor.

THE OJIBBEWAY'S SERENADE TO HIS LOVE.

[illegible]

CONUNDRUMS.

[illegible]

SEEING THE PANORAMA; OR, HOW MR. LARKINS CAME NEAR GETTING HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

[illegible]

"WHAT WILL YOU TAKE?"

[illegible]

FROM PUNCH.

[illegible]

DRESS.

[illegible]

A Singular Story.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE IN OLDEN TIME.

THE MURDER OF LADY MASEL.

[illegible]

TO ——.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[illegible]

THRILLING ADVENTURE.

[illegible]

... the ideal perfection of it would be a Utopia,

"Where the drum should throb no longer, and the battle flag be furled,
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

EPITAPH ON A CANDLE.

A *wicked* one lies buried here,
  Who died in a *decline*;
He never rose in rank, I fear,
  Though he was born to *shine*.

He once was *fat*, but now, indeed,
  He's thin as any griever;
He died—the Doctors all agreed,
  Of a most *burning* fever.

One thing of him was said with truth,
  With which I'm much amused,
It is—that when he stood, forsooth,
  A *stick* he always used.

Now *winding-sheets* he sometimes made,
  But this was not enough,
For finding it a poorish trade,
  He also dealt in *snuff*.

If e'er you said, "*Go out*, I pray,"
  He much ill-nature showed
On such occasions he would say,
  "Vy, if I do, *I'm blowed*."

In this his friends do all agree,
  Although you'll think I'm *joking*,
When *going out*, 'tis said that he,
  Was very fond of *smoking*.

Since all *religions* he despised,
  Let these few words suffice,
Before he ever was baptised,
  They *dipp'd* him once or twice.

Selected Articles.

THE LONDON TIMES PRAISING AMERICA.

[illegible]

"FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE."

A military officer, with whom we have long been intimate, relates two incidents connected with Croghan's gallant defence of Fort Stevenson—one of which affords a strong positive, the other a still stronger negative proof of the above quoted adage.

As the British and the Indians, in their previous military operations, had violated their pledge and the usages of civilized warfare by wantonly murdering their prisoners, the members of Croghan's little band (only 160 strong, with a single six pounder, and surrounded by about 600 British troops, and twice that number of Indians,) had mutually agreed to stand their ground to the last, and sell their lives as dearly as possible. When all was ready, the British commander sent a messenger, under a flag of truce, to treat for the surrender of the fort. Croghan, pointing at him as he approached, exclaimed, "It will not do to let them enter here and see our weakness: who will volunteer to meet him?" As it was pretty certain that whoever should leave the fort on such a mission, would be murdered by the dastard foe, there was a brief pause; when Ensign Shipp replied, "I will, upon one condition." "What is that?" asked the captain. "Pledge me your word, as an officer and man of honor, that you will keep that gun bearing directly upon me, and that you will fire it off the instant you see me raise my hands." The pledge was given, and Shipp went forth. To all the argu- [illegible]

THE SWORD OF NEY.

[illegible]

INSTANCES OF PRESENTIMENTS.

[illegible]

EPITAPH.

[illegible]

For Housekeepers.

OLD SCRAPS FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING CAKE.

[illegible] ... it, and makes bread and cake lighter.

The day before you wish to make cake, stone your raisins, and blanch your almonds, by pouring hot water on them, to take off the skins, and then throwing them into cold water to whiten them.—When ready to make your cake, grate your lemon or orange peel. Next weigh your butter and cut it in pieces, and put it where it will soften, but not melt. Then butter your tins next, stir the butter to a cream, and then add the sugar, and work till white. Next, beat the yolks of the eggs, strain them, and put them to the sugar and butter. Meantime, another person should beat the whites to a stiff froth and put them in. Then add the spices and flour, and last of all the fruit.

GOOD CHILD'S CAKE.

Three cups raised dough, one cup of molasses, the juice and grated rind of a lemon, or one nutmeg, half a cup of melted butter, put with the molasses two well beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of saleratus in two spoonfuls of hot water, work all together, put into buttered pans and set into the oven immediately. Put in the lemon juice just before you put it in the pans; if you do not have lemon juice, add a great spoonful of sharp vinegar, after working the ingredients together. The lemon juice or vinegar must be added the last minute. Some think this is improved by standing to rise fifteen minutes. Try, and see.

DROP CAKE.

Four and a half tea cups of flour, two and a half tea cups of sugar, half a cup of butter, and five eggs; work the butter and sugar to a cream, beat the yolks and whites separately, add the yolks, then the whites, then the flour. Drop them on a buttered tin, and sprinkle caraway sugar plums on the top.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 1, 2, 4, 17, 12, is a river in Europe
[illegible]

CHARADES.

[illegible]

RIDDLE.

[illegible]

CONUNDRUMS.

[illegible]

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

[illegible]

Agricultural.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

FROM THE ALBANY CULTIVATOR.

[illegible]

FISH HOUSES.

[illegible]

CHEAP ROOFS.

[illegible]

HOUSES OF UNBURNT BRICKS.

[illegible]

The Olio.

OH! WHAT A WORLD THIS MIGHT BE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

[illegible]

SIGNATURE OF THE CROSS.

[illegible]

TO TYRANTS.

[illegible]

THE CUP OF COLD WATER

[illegible]

CURIOUS LOVE STORY.

[illegible]

PURITAN NAMES.

[illegible]